

A FRAGMENT.

M^K*MARTIN*, who loved Oddities, procured for himself a strait Waistcoat, with 20 Buttons and 19 Button-holes; and, though he was sadly plagued to button his Waistcoat strait, and puzzled to Death what to do with the odd Button, which sometimes peeped out at Top, sometimes at Bottom, and sometimes in the Middle, yet obstinately persisted that thirty-nine was the perfect Number. At length he hit upon this Conceit: that as the Buttons of his Waistcoat were even, and the Button-holes odd, he would have three Button-holes and but two Buttons to his small Cloaths, which as he was a fat jolly Fellow, he found very convenient—for slipping the supernumerary Button of his Waistcoat into the supernumerary Button-hole of his small Cloaths he kept all Matters tight about him; and found no other Inconvenience but a little Trouble in making his Waistcoat and small Cloaths meet, and a little Danger in loosing when he was in a more than ordinary Hurry.

Jack was so diverted with *Martin's* Perplexities, and the Unluckiness of his Taylor who had not well fitted the Buttons to the Button-holes; and observing how often he pished and frown'd and bit his Lips, and cursed the Blockhead for his Pains for making his Waistcoat so straight and setting the Buttons awry; determined that he would have no Buttons at all.

This occasioned a violent dispute.

A

Jack.

Jack, says *Martin*, I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself to go with your Waistcoat unbuttoned. Do you think it decent, to go into the Company of the Ladies, or appear before your Mother in that loose Drefs?

“ No, *Martin*,” said *Jack*; “ you are no Philosopher,
 “ or you would know that strait Waistcoats are contrary to
 “ the Nature of Man. What would have become of you,
 “ my dear Brother, had Nature made your Skin as unelaf-
 “ tic as your Waistcoat?—How would it have fared with
 “ that noble Prefence, and portly Rotundity of your’s, in
 “ which you fo far excell me?”

“ I declare solemnly it grieves me to the Heart, to hear
 “ you puff and blow at that Rate, and to fee the wry Faces
 “ you make with being squeezed together in that stiff
 “ Jerkin of your’s.

“ Confess the Truth, *Martin*: you have not always
 “ wore that Waistcoat; and, tho’ you endeavour to con-
 “ ceal it, I’ll lay my Life, you have let it out behind. Tell
 “ the Truth: for I cannot believe that is the selfsame Waist-
 “ coat your Father made for you, when you was a Boy.”—

Why the Devil then, replied *Martin*; since you wear no Buttons, are not you as fat as I am?

“ You need not ask the Reason, replied *Jack*, crying:
 “ ’tis because, Brother, you always stand behind the
 “ pantry Door.”

How

How MARTIN and JACK

Came to be reconciled to one another,
and live in good Fellowship.

ONE Day as the two Brothers were sitting at Table after a good Dinner, drinking a chearful Glass, and talking merrily on indifferent Subjects; "I cannot conceive," says *Jack* to *Martin*, "why two such honest-hearted Lads as you and I, should not always be in good Humour with each other.

"When I observe the Politeness with which you receive your Guests, the Hospitality of your Table, the Freedom of your Conversation, and the Liberty you give to every one to chuse what he likes and to say what he pleases, nay even to pass his Jokes upon the *old Lady* when she is withdrawn: I cannot conceive, I say, why we should ever quarrel."

Jack! replied *Martin*, if you would but shew a little more Respect to your Mother in Public, and not dispute my Title to the *Estate*, we might live on good Terms together.

"*Mother-in-Law*," replied *Jack*, "if you please: for tho' you lay such great Stress upon your Genealogy, and

“ the Purity of your Blood, I am not quite clear, there is
 “ nò Blot in the Escutcheon.”—

“ If Report says true, your *Mother's Mother* was a lit-
 “ tle suspected of Infidelity. It is said that Nothing would
 “ serve her Turn but she must rule the Roast, silence her
 “ Husband whenever he attempted to speak, and ordered
 “ no one to be admitted into the House, but such as she
 “ chose. In vain did her Husband tell the Porter to shut
 “ them out: she would have them admitted at all Hours.”

I suppose then, said *Martin*, by suspecting your Grand-
 mother's Fidelity, you mean to dispute my Title to the
Estate.

“ By no Means,” replied *Jack*: “ you know you inhe-
 “ rit by the Mother's not the Father's Side, and that *John*
 “ *Bull* her Executor guaranteed the Remainder to you,
 “ after he had seized the best Part of the Property for him-
 “ self. And his Descendants are too much interested in
 “ their own Rights ever to suffer your's to be disputed.”—

“ Believe me, dear Brother! I do not grudge you a
 “ single Penny. Thank Heaven! If I am suffered to
 “ think, speak, and act for myself, I can get my Bread:
 “ for I can find honest Folks enough to employ me; who
 “ pay generously, when they are not compelled.”

“ All I wish is, that your *Estate* was more *equally* di-
 “ vided among your Friends: that a little Attention was
 “ paid

“ paid to *Merit*, and to the original Design of the Testa-
 “ tor. But this is more *your* Concern than *mine*; for the
 “ less these Ends are answered, the more Customers I
 “ shall have.”

Tho’ *Martin* was a little nettled at *Jack’s* Freedom, yet
 as he found, that his Brother had no Design to dispute his
 Title, and only complained of *Mismanagement*, his Fears
 subsided; and he found himself more disposed to an Ac-
 commodation.

So you wo’nt dispute my *Title*? says he. “ I’ll never
 “ dispute Possession, replied *Jack*: but remember, my
 “ dear Brother! I wo’nt answer for your *own* Friends.”
 “ This depends on your Conduct.—If you give them a
 “ valuable Consideration for what they pay, and keep them
 “ in good Humour by Kindness. Assiduity, and the strict
 “ Discharge of your Duty, I am positive, they will neither
 “ dispute your Title, nor envy you the Possession.—But if
 “ you abuse your Tenants, make them pay Rack-rents,
 “ harass them with Law-suits, and starve them into the
 “ Bargain: I’ll not answer for it that they will not turn
 “ you out of Doors, as they did Brother *Peter*; with
 “ whom you and I had such a desperate Quarrel.”

Say what you will *Jack*, replied *Martin*: I’ll stand by
John Bull to the last.—“ So will I,” says *Jack*: but not
 “ by *John Bull’s* Steward, whoever he may be.”

“ *John Bull* is as honest a Fellow as ever broke Bread :

“ but he has often had bitter bad Servants ; who have wasted
 “ his Estate, and squandered his Money among a set of
 “ Profligates, kept in Pay to prevent their Employers be-
 “ ing turned out.”

“ What a fine Estate in the *North* was lost not long
 “ since by the most shameful Mismanagement. Believe
 “ me, *Martin* ! they care for neither you nor me any far-
 “ ther than to answer their own Ends : and do not wish us
 “ to unite. They sett us together by the Ears, and then
 “ run away with the Bone and pick it themselves.”

“ Then prithee *Martin* ! let us shake Hands ; and deter-
 “ mine for the future to consult our common Interest. The
 “ World is big enough for us, never fear : and I am sure
 “ it is not in our Nature to hate each other, we need only
 “ to be better acquainted, to feel a cordial Esteem and
 “ Friendship. What signifies it, if we do *dress* differently.
 “ Every own has his own Fancy to please : and, if he in-
 “ commodos no body else, I do not see, why he may not
 “ indulge it.”

“ Come, with your leave, I'll fill a Bumper.—Here's
 “ *Liberty and Property*.” No bad Toast, quoth *Martin* :
 “ but I should like better, to drink first *Church and King*.
 “ What ? before *Liberty and Property* ? says *Jack*.—What
 “ is a *Church* good for that does not give *Liberty* ? or a State
 “ that does not secure *Property* ?

True, says *Martin* : but I have been always *used* to
 drink *Church and King* first.

“ Never

“ Never mind *old Customs*; replied *Jack*. If good,
 “ like good Wine, they may be worth keeping. If *bad*,
 “ they turn sower upon the Stomach, in Proportion to their
 “ Age.”

“ Never fear, my Lad! if we have but *Liberty* and *Pro-*
 “ *perty*, we shall have a good *Church*, a good *King*, and a
 “ peaceable loyal People.”

Upon this, they toasted *Church* and *King*.

“ I should like your Mother better, said *Jack*, and visit
 “ her oftener, if she was not so fond of *Riddles* and *Co-*
 “ *nundrums*; and would leave off swearing and cursing so
 “ terribly; but she has been so accustomed to it from her
 “ Youth that I am afraid, she will never leave it off to her
 “ dying Day. And yet, it is wonderful, that brother *Pe-*
 “ *ter's* abominable Curses have not put her altogether out of
 “ Conceit with them.”

Your Mother, says *Martin*, means Nothing by it. The
 good old Lady would not hurt a Fly,

“ True, says *Jack*, I know very well, that she, like
 “ common Swearers, means Nothing by it; but it is very un-
 “ becoming Language for a *Gentlewoman*: nor does she
 “ consider, that the common People are too apt to believe
 “ whatever she says: and, if they thought she was not in
 “ Earnest, would begin to call her a *Hypocrite*.

“ So advise the old Lady by all means to leave it off.
 “ My Duty to her, and tell her, if she does, I'll come and
 “ see

“ see her; and if she behaves well to me, and don’t insist
 “ upon proposing her *Riddles* and *Conundrums* to puzzle
 “ my Brains withall, she will find me a dutiful Son, and a
 “ better Friend than those who make such a Fuss about de-
 “ fending her with their Lives and Fortunes.”

You are a wheedling, coaxing, whining Fellow, *Jack*,
 when you are *dependant*: but won’t you change your Tone,
 when you are your own Master?

You have not forgot how your *Namesake* behaved when
 he got into Power.

“ Well push’d, I vow,” quoth *Jack*: “ I am glad you
 mentioned it, as I wished to say a Word or two upon
 that Head.”

“ I have always thought, *Martin*, it was a foolish De-
 vice, who ever first invented it, to call Brothers by
 Nicknames. This Custom has divided our Family, and
 done more Mischief than can be imagined; by keeping
 up old family Quarrels, that ought long ago to have been
 forgotten.”

“ There is no more Resemblance in you and me to *Mar-
 tin* and *Jack* than there is between *Peter* and *Us*: and, I
 am much mistaken, if in a little Time *Peter’s* Descend-
 ants will be distinguishable from ours.

“ You neither inherit *Martin’s* Pride, Obstinacy, or ill
 Manners: nor I *Jack’s* Ignorance, Folly, or Hypocrisy.

“ For

" For Heaven's Sake let Us call no more Names, nor claim
 " Descent from a Lineage, of which we ought long ago
 " to have been heartily ashamed. Let us rather con-
 " template in each other our pleasing Resemblance to our
 " *first Ancestor*; let us claim our common Right to bear
 " his Name, and live peaceably together, as he com-
 " manded us in his last Will and Testament."

" *Servants* have occasioned more Mischiefs in Families
 " than enough, setting Children and Parents against each
 " other, and by quarrelling among themselves; and it is
 " the most insufferable Arrogance to give *their* Names
 " to the Children as if they were not legitimate: so let us
 " disclaim all Connections with them: we have Faults
 " enough of our *own* to answer for, without obstinately de-
 " fending *their's*; and Business enough of our own with-
 " out concerning ourselves with what they did."

Ah! *Jack* says *Martin*, you were always famous for talk-
 ing a great Deal, and a Dab at an extempore Speech:—
 however, I confess, I never heard you talk more sensibly.
 —If you will but *do* as you *say*, and leave me in Possession
 of the *Estate*.—

Upon my soul *Martin*, you injure me greatly by your
 Suspicions. Did not I stand by you, when *John Bull*
 turned *Peter* out of Doors, and did not I suffer myself to
 be dismissed his Service, and to be laughed at for my Folly,
 rather than run the Hazard of *Peter's* turning you out.

Have

Have not I fought your Battles, and supported you, and *John Bull* G—d forgive me at the Expenſe of my Conſcience. And now if I do but ſtir to ſerve my old Maſter, and offer to watch, light, trim the Lamps, or ſweep the Street, you threaten to put me into Gaol.

A wicked Friend of yours, who wrote a Hiſtory of *John Bull* full of Lies, aſſerted that I was dead, and moreover that I hanged myſelf, when in Fact I was caught in a Nooſe, I little ſuſpected, and bear the Marks of it to this Day. But, thank Heaven, *Jack* has ſome Life, left in him yet, and ſome Spirit to feel and reſent, ſuch Treatment, as many Friends of your's think unjuſt.

Say no more *replied Martin*, ſay no more. Let us ſhake Hands, and be Friends, I will not object to your guarding the Door, or ſweeping, and lighting the Streets. But, keep a good look out, after that rogue *Peter*, who I fear is ſtill lurking about the Houſe in Diſguiſe. So good Day to you, and let me ſee you again.

F I N I S.

